Nebraska Advertiser.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO., Proprietors.

AUBURN, : : NEBRASKA.

THE WHEEL O' THE BREAST.

Through rivers of veins, on a nameless quest,
The tide of my life goes hurriedly sweeping,
Till it reaches that curious wheel o' the breast,
The human heart, which is never at rest:
Faster, faster, it cries, and, leaping,
Plunging, dashing, speeding away,
The wheel and the river work night and day.

I know not wherefore, I know not whither,
This strange tide rushes with such mad force;
It glides on hither, it slides on thither,
Over and over the self-same course,
With never an outlet and never a source;
And, lashing itself to the heat of passion,
It whirls the heart in mill-wheel fashion.

I can hear in the hush of the still, still night
The ceaseless hum of that mighty river;
I can hear it rushing, gurgling, gushing,
With a wild, delirious, strange delight,
And a conscious pride in its sense of might,
As it hurries and worries my heart forever.

And I wonder oft, as I lie awake
And list to the river that seethes and surges
Over the wheel that it chides and urges—
I wonder oft if the wheel will break
With the mighty pressure it bears, some day,
Or slowly and wearily wear away.

For little by little the heart is wearing,
Like the wheel o' the mill, as the tide goes tearing
And plunging hurriedly through the breast
In a network of veins on a nameless quest,
From and forth unto unknown oceans,
Bringing its cargoes of fierce emotions,
With never a pause, or an hour for rest.

—*Ella Wheeler, in Chicago Tribune.*

BLINKS' DOG.

Mrs. Blinks declared she wouldn't have another one of those little nuisances in the house again; "for what good are they, anyway?" Mrs. Blinks asked in an indiscriminate way, as she gazed in succession at the rocking chair, the French clock and the "God Bless Our Home" motto over the hall door. As no reply was vouchsafed from any one of these, she went on: "If you're going to have a dog, you want a dog that is a dog, and not a plaything."

Mrs. Blinks had read of the watch-dog's honest bark, and numberless narratives wherein the watch-dog aforesaid was the hero, and the thief and murderer the victim, and by consequence if there was one thing more than another that Mrs. Blinks had set her mind upon having it was "a dog that was a dog," as she so happily and lucidly expressed it.

So much had she said about this thing that Blinks, one of the most devoted of husbands, could not find it in his heart to discourage, much less to thwart her ardent longing. It was some time, however, ere he could find just the dog that came up to the ideal of what a dog should be. Finally he heard through a friend of a dog up country somewhere which seemed to fill the bill to a nicety, and negotiations were at once entered into which resulted in the animal's being forwarded by express.

The day for the canine's arrival was looked forward to with joy and impatience, and when the day, which seemed so long coming, did come at last, Blinks hurried down to the express office, with many a promise to his eager spouse that he would be back just as quickly as he possibly could.

When Blinks got within a quarter-mile of his destination, a noise reached his ears such as had never reached them before. It sounded like the croaking of a legion of frogs, each with a very bad cold. It was not until he got a glimpse of a dry-goods box and a vicious-looking nose protruding through the slatted s de that he could so much as guess what was the cause of it all.

It was the dog. Blinks looked at his property in the dry-goods box. He didn't go very near it. Possibly he felt it would be rude to gaze at short range upon an imprisoned fellow creature. The animal was a cross between the bull and the mastiff, and cross as both put together. To say that he was possessed of an amiable countenance would be the grossest flattery. His prison-house was littered with shreds of coat-tails, trousers, etc., formerly part of the raiment of the trainmen, which he had sampled from time to time during his trip, as opportunity afforded, and he looked as though he would like very much to add to the collection.

Blinks was in a quandary. He stood off and coaxingly remarked to the dog that he was a nice fellow; but the animal did not appear to take the compliment in the spirit that was intended, but repeatedly knocked the muzzle againt the bars of his cage in a most ferocious manner, awakening the liviest fears in Blink's breast least one of those slats should suddenly give away.

Blinks, therefore, retreated in good order and set about bribing somebody to take his treasure home. He finally found an expressman whose needs were greater than his fears, and after much labor and the loss of some skin and much blood, the man succeeded in getting the ideal dog into his wagon. Excepting the frog opera which the animal indulged in, with an occasional intermission which was devoted to testing the strength of his prison bars, the journey to Blink's house was devoid of interest.

The wagoner unloaded his living and lively freight at Blinks', and with the loss of a few more square inches of cuticle and a few pints more of blood, the box and the dog were safely landed on Blinks' piazza.

Mrs. Blinks was, of course, delighted at the noble beast. "So gentle-looking," she remarked, extending her hand to pat his head through the bars. She did not carry out her intention, however. There was something in the glare of that "gentle-looking" dog's eyes and glistening teeth that made her change her mind. So she stepped back several paces, and admired him from a safer distance.

The Blinkses congratulated each other several times upon the acquisition of such a treasure. Of course, he was a little frightened now—it did not occur to them that anybody else was frightened, or if it did neither said anything about it—but he would grow accustomed to them in a little while, and would be as docile as a kitten. In the meantime it was concluded not to worry him just at present, but allow him to remain on the piazza in his dry-goods box.

So Blinks lowered some meat and drink through the hole in the top of the box, taking care to shut down the cover as quickly as possible after having done so. Blinks said some time afterward that the animal ate a whole quarter of beef that first night; but this was, of course, exaggeration born of disappointed hopes.

In the course of a week of alternate stuffing and starving, the dog began to recognize the Blinkses as his friends and protectors, and showing unmistakable signs of contrition for his previous ungrateful conduct, and a desire to conciliate, he was finally released from durance vile and allowed to roam about the Blinks domain at his own sweet will.

But although he had entered into social compact with the Blinkses, Towser (for such was his title) showed no disposition to widen his circle of friends. The first morning after his release, the milkman was seen running frantically away from the house with torn clothing and horrified visage, while Towser was peering at him over the high fence, shouting his frog opera as well as a mouthful of coat-tail would permit him.

The milkman did not come again, and he had apparently told his misadventure to all the milk-dealing fraternity; for not one of them could be induced to come within twenty rods of the Blinks residence. But this was not all. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, and even the grocer, one and all, suddenly ceased their calls for orders, and as it was a good mile to the nearest store, the Blinkses were in danger of starvation in the midst of plenty; for Blinks was in the city all day, and Mrs. B. was a very poor walker. As Blinks trudged back from the village of an evening, heavily laden with family supplies, he more than once half-wished that Towser wasn't quite such an ideal dog, after all.

But with all these discouragements, that dog gave the Blinkses a topic for conversation that was never dull nor uninteresting. On the contrary, it was quite thrilling and always possessed something novel. One evening Mrs. B. had to tell how Towser broke through the fence and killed neighbor Jones's pet pussy; the next day his exploit consisted in making mutton of a stray sheep, and the day following was marked with the death of a goat or the maiming of a cow.

And so it went on, until not a resident of the town was on speaking terms with the Blinkses. Visiting them was, of course, long ago out of the question. Suits at law began to flow in, and before a month had passed, bankruptcy began to stare poor Blinks almost out of countenance.

It was clear that this state of things could not go on much longer. Blinks began to figure up the cost of keeping an ideal dog. In the first place there was what the animal ate, at the current rates about five dollars a week; then there was the work of doing one's own marketing and being one's own truck horse, the loss of all friends, and finally the lawsuits. Again Blinks wished, this time quite heartily, that Towser wasn't quite such an ideal dog.

The climax came at last, the turning point in Towser's career. Not content with cats and goats and such small game, he had the hardihood to attack the good minister, who essayed to call on the Blinkses in the performance of his pastoral duties. Parson Brown lifted the latch and got nearly half-way inside the gate, when there was a cataclysm. The ground was covered with dust and clergyman and dog and blood and shreds of clothing, all mixed together in the most inextricable confusion.

It took Blinks and Mrs. Blinks and three pounds of beefsteak to withdraw Towser from the combination, and much time and nursing and a good bit of Blinks' money to bring the person and his raiment into anything near the condition they were before his interview with that ideal dog.

This was the straw which broke the camel's back, or rather the event which drove Towser from his new home. Blinks started off the very next morning after Towser's ministerial exploit, and did not rest until he found a man who could be hired to take the dog away. He did not ask the man to buy the ideal dog. He did not give the animal away; but he paid a handsome bonus for the accommodation. And he made no conditions as to what should become of his ideal dog. He merely said: "Take him away—anywhere, anywhere; only take him away!"

The Blinkses have never kept a dog since, not even "a dog that is a dog;" and if you want to make Blinks tearing mad, all you have got to do is to ask him if he has bought another dog yet.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Mosquitoes are an excellent preventive of sleep-walking. If you cannot procure any mosquitoes make shift with an Elevated railroad or scatter a few cracker crumbs in your bed. Another plan which is sometimes successful is to bind your left foot to your neck by means of a coarse towel, so that if you attempt to step out of bed you will at once lose your balance and be precipitated to the floor of your apartment. Dr. W. A. Hammond recommends the patient to cultivate a habit of snoring, his reason being that the more soundly one sleeps the more loudly he will snore, and therefore the more he will wake himself up in time to stay in bed when the impulse to walk comes upon him.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The *Christian Advocate* claims that it is as easy to maintain a large congregation in the cities in the summer as in the winter, provided the services are kept up to the standard.

—The Bishop of Hong Kong says he has been repeatedly stopped while preaching, and asked if he is not an Englishman, and if his is not the country that sends opium to China? And when he admits the fact, they tell him to go back and stop the opium, and then they will talk about Christianity.—*The Interior.*

—The *Baptist Weekly* says: "It should make Christians blush to know that the bees in this country do much more in making honey than the churches of all denominations in raising money for missions. The value of the honey crop exceeds $3,000,000 annually, while contributions for foreign missions amount to less than $2,500,000."

—The membership of the five largest Presbyterian churches in the country are given as follows: Dr. Talmage's Tabernacle Church, Brooklyn, 2,471 members; Dr. Cuyler's Lafayette Avenue Church, 1,761; Dr. Kittredge's Third Church, Chicago, has 1,755; Dr. Hall's Fifth Avenue Church, New York, 1,730, and Dr. Crosby's church, 1,384.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Kentucky has twenty universities and colleges, seven schools of medicine, six theological schools, two law schools, and one agricultural and mechanical college, with several hundred grammar schools, academies and colleges, each holding a high standard of education. With all these means of secondary education, her primary schools are confessedly poor. There are 250,000 illiterates in the State.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Welsh Presbyterian Synod of Wisconsin held its first business session at Chicago. The synod has forty-five ministers, 135 elders, 3,450 full members in its several churches, and 1,718 probationers. The question of forming a new synod of the churches in Missouri, Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska was discussed, and decided in favor of the proposed change. The success of missionary work in Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri was reported as beyond all expectations, but there was still room for more workers.

An Englishwoman's Eccentric Will.

One of the most eccentric wills of modern times has just been quietly set aside by Vice-Chancellor Bacon in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice. The document in question was executed in May, 1868, by a Mrs. Anne Burdette, of Gilmorton, in Leicestershire, and her leading testamentary dispositions were made in a codicil, which directed certain appointed trustees, immediately after her funeral, to cause the windows and doors of every room in her dwelling house to be bricked up in a solid manner, and to continue the bricking up for twenty years.

The kitchen only was to remain unsealed, and in this apartment some respectable married couple were to be installed at a peppercorn rent of one halfpenny per week, their duty being to take care of the premises, and, in particular, to see that no attempts were made to raise the brick blockade of the doors and windows. In order that her directions should be carried out to the letter, certain benefits under the will were given to the trustees, which benefits they were to forfeit if the house ceased to be in a strictly bricked-up and barricaded state.

By another codicil the testatrix directed that the windows should be boarded up and nailed with good long nails, bent down on the inside, and then covered up with sheet iron and tin. Of the property thus hermetically sealed up no effectual devise was made. This extraordinary probate was eventually granted.

Then the parties who were dissatisfied took the case into the Chancery, and no fewer than eight council learned in the law appeared before the Vice-Chancellor on Wednesday, Aug. 2, those who supported the validity of the devise quoting Pope's well-known lines, in which the poet says that a testator may "endow a college or a cat," and seeking to draw therefrom the inference that Mrs. Burdette was entitled to dispose of her own precisely as she liked, even though her testamentary injunctions were of the most capriciously grotesque nature. Sir James Bacon, however, very cogently pointed out that in the case before him, the testator had endowed neither a cat nor a college; and he directed the trustees to unseal and release all this hitherto useless property, which must be distributed as the undisposed residue of real and personal estate.—*London Telegraph.*

A Protracted Bankruptcy Case.

Just before his death, 101 years ago, Commercial Councillor Scharf, of Einbeck, became a bankrupt, and the "Royal Great-Britanic Electoral Brunswickian-Lunebargish Chancery of Justice" in Hanover published an official announcement that his estate would undergo liquidation in due course. That solemn process is now about to be completed by the Second district court at Goettingen, which informs the German public by advertisement in the local papers that the heirs of Councillor Scharf's creditors will do well to prefer their claims to his estate, inasmuch as the assets thereof amount to some 16,000 marks. This sum the court holds at the disposition of the estate's creditors. If not claimed by their lawful representatives before a given date, however, it will lapse to the Prussian exchequer, which has succeeded to the rights and prerogatives formerly enjoyed by the Crown of Hanover.

Youths' Department.

WHAT WOULD SHE DO?

Oh, I'd like to be a birdie in a tree,
Just to sing my pretty songs so full of glee,
Just to swing and swing upon the maple boughs,
With a cunning little bird's-nest for my house.

Oh, I'd like to be a squirrel on a wall,
With four nimble little feet that wouldn't let me fall;
Just to chit-chat, chit-chat, chatter all the day,
While I hid my little winter's store away.

But—the birdies fly away when winter comes;
And the squirrels seek their cozy little homes.
And if I were bird or squirrel—tell me true—
What do you think my dear mamma would do?

—*Ada Carleton in Youth's Companion.*

JENNY RING.

One day my cousin entered the room, with what I thought was a rat; then, looking closer, I saw it was longer and not so round as a rat, and it had a heavy tail; then I thought it was a little bear, but where did he get such a small mite of a bear? How could he bring it in his arms? He put it in my lap. "I have brought you a pet," said he. "It is not a bear or a rat; it is a tamed mongous."

The mongous is a native of Africa, and lives on ants and other insects. Its tongue is long, narrow and pointed, and covered with a sticky substance. It runs its tongue down into the ant-hills, and the ants stick to it, and the mongous draws it back into its mouth like a flash, then running it out again and again until its hunger is satisfied.

Jenny Ring, that was the name of the mongous, came to live with me. At first, I was a little afraid of her, but as long as she lived she never bit any one. I think she was the most loving little animal. She would lick your hand like a dog. When you sat down she would jump on your lap, and try, in her dumb way, to show how much she loved you. When you said that was enough, she would crawl up onto your shoulder, sit there looking very wise, and trying to understand all that was said.

Jenny loved company. When the door-bell rang, it did not matter whether she was asleep or where she was, she would run and sit on the stairs and wait until the door was opened. If it was any one she knew, she would roll herself up in a ball, roll down stairs, coming with a thump to the bottom, clucking gleefully. The only noise she made was to cluck like a hen.

One day a lady called that had not heard of my pet, and, when she saw Jenny sitting on the stairs, gave a scream, and said: "There is a rat." When Jenny followed me down stairs she jumped on a chair, holding up her skirts, screaming: "Take away that rat, it will bite." Though I told her Jenny would not do her any harm, she did not believe it.

Another time I heard Jenny Ring making a great noise. I went to see what was the matter, and found Jenny had cornered the cat, and there was a little fight going on. Jenny was coming out the victor, and would have killed poor pussy if I had not come to the rescue. I suppose the cat saw Jenny Ring and thought, "Now, there is a nice large rat," and sprung upon Jenny, to find out, as she did afterward, that she did not have a rat, but something else. After that, all the cats in the neighborhood kept out of the way of Jenny, and only when they were really hungry would they come to the house, and, if Jenny was seen or heard, they would run and hide.

I had a collar and chain made for Jenny, and one day when she was out with me I missed her, and found she had slipped the collar over her head and ran away. On looking, I saw the people going to the other side of the street, and soon guessed the cause, and so I walked back and called Jenny. As soon as she heard me call, she turned around, seeing me, and being frightened at so many strange people, she ran back to me, and was not contented until I took her up in my arms. She acted like a frightened child, but I soon soothed her, and she settled in my arms and went to sleep.

Jenny Ring was very fond of eggs, and would steal them if they were not given her. She always cracked them herself. She would take an egg in her front paws, then back up against the tree, swing her paws front, then back under her hind paws, cracking the egg, then she would suck the egg, and clean it as clear as any person could.

Sometimes, when Jenny was naughty, I would say: "Jenny, you are a bad girl; go in the corner until you are good." Then she would go, always with her face to the wall when she was there, a little while would cluck, but never stir until I said: "Jenny, come out now."

Jenny was very fond of playing tag, and would always catch you, clucking in great glee. Her tricks were like a monkey; she would lie on her back as if dead, and not move a muscle until the piano was played, and then she would start up, pick up a little hat that was made for her, shoulder a stick, and march back and forth on her hind legs. These, and many more tricks would she do.

But Jenny Ring met with a sad fate. She used to love to lie in the sun and bask herself, suddenly rising up before people when disturbed. One day she was startled by one of the strange men of the farm, and seeing what he thought was a rat, he shot at it, and killed poor Jenny Ring. I heard a faint cluck, and knew it was from Jenny. I found her shot and trying to come to me. When she saw me she gave a happy cluck and, as I took her in my arms, tried to lick my hand, then gave a little cluck, looked up at me, and closed her eyes and fell back dead.—*Lucy H. Warner, in N. Y. Tribune.*

"Me and Bab."

Me an' Bab we went to church, an' Bab she saw a mouse. An'—course she wanted to catch him. An' she slipped out under my sack, where I'd hid her when we went to church, an' was out of the pew quicker 'n time.

Well, my pa's a dicken, an' he had a correction box, an' he was a leanin' over with the correction-box stretched out so'd Frankie Hill what sat in the farthest corner could put in a cent, an' all the people was givin' cents, too, an' ten cents, too, an' five cents, an'—well, he was a-stretchin' out the correction-box to Frankie, an' just then the mouse ran acrost his feets an' Bab after him. An' my papa he gave a queer sort of a cry an' drops the correction-box; an' all the centsis fell on the floor in Frankie Hill's pew, an'—an' my pa's face went redder 'n red, an' his ears, an' his neck, an' he turns round an' sees our Bab scamperin' after the mouse, an' he started to go after her.

An' everybody on our side was a-lookin' at Bab. An' the people at the other side that couldn't see Bab was lookin' at my pa. An' then they all looked at Mr. Green—that's the min'ster—an' Mr. Green he was lookin' orful solemn.

An' the mouse ran acrost the raised place covered with red carpet, where the minister sits; an' he ran under his chair an' Bab after him. An' all the dickens had laid down their correction-boxes an' was goin' there, too—not under his chair I don't mean, but up to the raised place with red carpet.

An' the mouse he scampered to the door that's one side of where the min'ster sits, an' he couldn't get out, an' there wasn't no hole for him, an' Bab was after him lickety split, an'—an'—

Well, he comed back an' ran into old Miss Tromley's pew, an' she screamed an' ran out. An' then there was a reg'lar scrimmage, an' the dickens was all mixed up, an' Bab was among their feet, an' my pa he stooped down an' then he came down 'tween the pews with Bab in his arms an' his face was *orful*. An' he went out with Bab, an' the other dickens went for their boxes.

An' Mr. Green he'd dropped his hank'cher an' he was *orful long* pickin' it up. An' then he coughed an' hid his face in his hank'cher an' he shooked all over just like he did when my pa told that story about the dicken what put the wrong plaster on his nose.

An' everybody was laughin', but I was cryin' 'cause I didn't know what my pa would do to Bab—or—or—*me*.

An' Frankie Hill was pickin' up cents in his pew when my pa comed back; an' he took me by the arm, an' led me out of the church, an' says, very stern; "Go home."

An' our house is close by, so I went all by myself, and my pa went back to his correction-box.

An' I don't know what came of the mouse; but Jemima Jane says it's a good thing my ma's away, an' I'll get a proper correction when my pa gets home.—*Joy Vetrepont, in Youth's Companion.*

Mother's Turn.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now."

The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eyes, fresh color and winsome looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture, which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went out to her for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers in their love of their daughters entirely overlook the idea that they themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing about it; and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jenny gets the new dress, and mother wears the old one, turned up side down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip and mother stays at home and keeps house.

Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such an indulgence.

Dear girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties, which for years they have patiently done.—*Intelligencer.*

Peter Cooper's Charity.

A New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette* relates the following story about the venerable Peter Cooper: Nearly every day he drives down to his office, and stays there for a few hours. As he comes out to his coupe he is surrounded by a bevy of seedy-looking men. Each in turn steps up to him with a "Good day, Mr. Cooper," and an expectant look in his eye, and just as regular, the benevolent old gentleman puts his hand in his pocket and gives him a piece of money and a "Good day to you." "Why do you let these people annoy you, Mr. Cooper?" asked an impatient young man the other day. "They don't annoy me at all," said the philanthropist. "They are old friends of mine, poor fellows. Many of them have seen better days. They don't want much—just enough for a dinner or a lunch. When I am ready to leave the office I put a few dollars in change in my pocket, and give it to them when they speak to me. They expect it, you know, and I wouldn't like to disappoint them."

—It is said of a great many persons who have no exterior excellence to boast of that they are possessed of much inward beauty. If kindly nature would so rearrange her laws that such people could be turned wrong side out life would be more nearly worth living.—*N. Y. Herald.*